

MY FILIPINO WATCH

BY CARROLL CARRINGTON

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If a man have a big secret in his pocket he should sleep in a different town every night and put as many miles between his meals as he have the stomach for traveling; but mine, as secrets go, was not so very big at the beginning, and when I did stop by the wayside for longer than a night's lodging it was by compulsion of illness, which nobody in the world could recommend as companion to a man in the circumstances I have described.

During a very black week I lay in a room at the Santa Catalina hotel, where I had been overtaken by malaria while making a restless tour of the pleasure resorts of Southern California. At the week's end I pulled myself together, paid my bill and was on my way to the depot when I fell a victim to a coincidence.

It was during the first stages of the excitement attending that great run of tuna in Southern California waters two years ago, and young Walter Harvey of the Los Angeles branch of the hydrographic service was taking his first vacation in three years to put in a week of fishing for the big jew fish at Santa Catalina. That is how it came about that I met him coming from, while I was going toward, the depot. He seized my hand with the greatest appearance of delight.

"Talk about luck, my boy!" he cried. "Why, it's nothing short of providential. Where you going?"

"Not away from here just as I arrive—I should say not! Remember you promised to come fishing with me when I saw you in Frisco a month ago—just in from Manila the day before, weren't you? Haven't heard a word from you since—not a word! Where've you been?—and how's the Filipino watch?"

Whereupon I took the secret out of my pocket and showed it to him.

It was nothing but a large silver watch, with Oriental designs on the back and some words in the native language of Luzon engraved in Roman lettering on the inside of the cover. Under these words was the name of "Emilio Aguinaldo."

I had picked it up on the outskirts of Manila the morning after our first battle with the Filipinos. The following night my room at the hotel had been broken into and ransacked while I was on a visit to friends elsewhere in the city; two days later I had been held up by four unknown assailants and robbed of everything I had on me, which happened not to include the mysterious watch, as I had thoughtfully hidden it; and a week later, after a narrow escape from being kidnapped, I had concluded Manila was no longer a place for a pleasure-seeker and embarked as speedily as I could for home, taking the watch with me. Nor had my flight altogether ended with the close of the voyage; for even after arriving on American soil I was still oppressed, in a degree grotesquely out of proportion to the insignificance of the incident, by a constant impulse to run away with my absurd prize, as though it had been the key to some famous international conspiracy.

I told Harvey at dinner that evening that I had business in the city which would certainly take me north the following day.

"After we've caught a 300-pound tuna, you may go," he replied.

The next morning was inhospitably cold and dark when we stumbled into our clothes after a wakeful night and stole forth from the hotel, meeting our Italian boatman on the veranda. He had come to wake us up.

I think we must have been fishing full a half-hour when my companion gave a yawn and said it wasn't time for fishing yet and he couldn't for the life of him see why Andrea had called us so "beastly early."

"I not a calla you at all," said the Italian, shrugging his shoulders. "What-a time you teenk catch-a da feesh?"

"Not for an hour yet," Harvey replied, winding his line around a peg in the bow of the boat and pulling out his pipe. "I'll have to smoke to keep awake. My neighbor in the next room woke me up at all hours by opening and closing his windows, stamping round his room and otherwise creating an all-night disturbance. He's a queer piece, that chap. Calls himself Senor Analdo."

"Spanish?" I observed quietly.

"Mexican grandee, I'm told," puffed Harvey through his pipe. "Dead swell and very exclusive. Been here a week, they say, and knows nobody. Dresses with all the pomposity of royalty, but has one of those exquisite politesses you generally see on aristocrats from the Latin countries. As a matter of fact, though," concluded my friend lazily, "the beggar strikes me as having a sort of gypsy air. Looks like I imagine

one of those Egyptian magicians would look if Americanized."

"Vare wonderful, vare wonderful!" broke in the voice of Andrea, the Italian. He rested on his oars in some excitement. "One-a day he coma da feeshman's warf an' talk-a da feeshman, an' say, 'I show-a to you da dollare deespeer. You got-a da dollare?' Feeshman pull-a da dollare out-a da pock' an' hand-a man one-a meenit. You see? Pass-a da han' dees-a way" and Andrea made a sweep upward with one hand—"an' da dollare dees-peer. Wait-a da dollare coma back; no coma back. Da man he wait-a, too, an' look-a da aire, but dollare coma no down—nevare. Vare wonderful, all feeshmans teenk. Try-a da more dollare—all go-a up, no coma down. Vare wonderful. Feeshmans teenk he hava da devil een heem."

I felt for my watch. Harvey looked surprised.

"And didn't he give the dollars back?" he demanded.

"How giva back, when he no getta heemself?" asked the boatman.

Harvey was about to reply, but changed his mind and asked me what time it was.

"Half-past four," I replied, returning the watch to my pocket.

"And where are we, Andrea?"

"Closa da whistling buoy, sare. Half-a mile, I teenk."

I could see the tower of the buoy looming in the dark haze ahead of us. It seemed, as Andrea had said, about half a mile away.

"You want to get out of this," said Harvey, gazing around. "We're right in the line of the raft and the buoy, where there hasn't been a fish since the swimming season opened."

At that moment I felt a tap on the side of my coat. I turned questioning.

"Well," I said. "What is it?"

Andrea raised his brows with answering inquiry.

"What was it you wanted?" I repeated.

"I not a want-a anyteeng."

"I thought you touched me."

"No, sare, I no touch-a you."

"Shut up talking," said Harvey. "Let's get to work."

For the next half-hour we circled slowly around the buoy and fished in silence. Then Harvey wound his line on the peg in the bow again and refilled his pipe.

"What's the time now?" he asked.

The next moment I could have fallen out of the boat with consternation.

My watch was gone!

I had worn it in a small inside pocket of my coat, without any chain, thinking it safer that way. I had consulted it but a half-hour before and, replacing it carefully, had buttoned my coat over it. Under the coat I wore a sweater, so there was no chance that I had mistakenly placed it in a waistcoat pocket.

The watch had simply been removed in some miraculous way from the pocket in which I was accustomed to keeping it, and in which I remembered with terrible distinctness having placed it such a little while before.

And now miracle was to follow miracle—or else we hadn't done with the first one yet—for while I was still frenziedly fumbling about my clothes I became aware of Andrea leaning forward in strange excitement, with his finger pointed seaward.

"What the deuce is happening anyhow?" cried Harvey, getting to his feet.

I was doubly dumb. Straight ahead of us in the haze of the dawn, I could descry the outlines of a vessel some two or three miles farther seaward. Our own boat was fully three miles from shore; the whistling buoy we could see quite distinctly on a line perhaps a quarter of a mile to the south of us.

Andrea was hauling a glass out of a locker and fixing it to his eyes.

"Vare wonderful!" he muttered under his breath. "I noa see da boat-a look lak heem before, teenk so!"

Well, I had. Here, in a part of the Pacific at least six weeks' travel from where I had last seen one, was a Filipino junk!

It was hearing with good speed southward, but coming in also. It seemed in a fair way to pass quite close to the whistling buoy, at which we also were heading. If we should stop at the buoy the strange craft would come within speaking distance of us, unless she should change her course. Trembling under a threefold mystery—the hotel stranger, the junk, the magical disappearance of my watch—I urged Andrea to give me the glass and row with all his might for the buoy. Harvey I silenced with a shake of the head.

In ten minutes we had run the boat alongside the buoy and were resting on the side hidden from the Filipino vessel. By poking the glass around the corner I could see the incongruous visitor still coming on, now within a mile of us.

From a dazed inspection of this marvel I was shaken abruptly by a hand on my arm. I whirled about to find Harvey staring at me, his face the color of a bone.

"Pratt!" he gasped, dragging me around to where I could follow with my eyes the direction he was indicating with his other hand, "do you see that?"

He pointed to a box-like receptacle in the base of the buoy. It ran all the way through, from our side to the other, and was simply one of the inlets for the air that blew the whistle. Lying face up and ticking away as busily as ever, on the wet floor of the buoy was my Filipino watch!

It was enough to take the wits clean out of any man, this startling transition of the watch out here in the ocean, with the Filipino junk in sight, as an evident influence, a Filipino magician on shore, and the devil only

knew what else in the wind. To attempt an explanation of how the watch had got out of my pocket and jumped across a half-mile of ocean to the whistling buoy was, of course beyond me, and I could only crouch in the boat with my two shivering companions and stare.

And so, while we were all crouching and staring, a visible link in the phenomena came before us. A human hand appeared in the aperture in the buoy, from nowhere that we could see and, laying hold of the watch, withdrew!

Not one of us moved.

We must have sat gazing into the buoy like men dreaming for as long as you would take to catch your breath after a hard fall; then—

"Santa Maria!"

The Italian's voice rose in almost a shriek. We stiffened in our seats and looked to where he was pointing.

Less than 200 yards away a man's head was bobbing upon the surface of the ocean.

I turned the glass upon it. At first I could see only the back of it, for it was moving away from us toward the Filipino vessel, which now stood half a mile out; but did not all of us know whose head it was? The foreign magician's, of course—the Filipino whom we had left three miles ashore in the Catalina hotel.

The next moment he turned and I saw his face. He was swimming rapidly toward the junk.

Andrea caught at his oars and tore them into the waves. The boat moved from the buoy. I gripped the sides and shouted to the Italian to row with all his might.

He was already doing so. But not in the direction I had meant. The boat had turned its nose shoreward and was splashing across the waves with a speed that bent me in the middle with every pull of the oars.

"You cursed fool!" I cried, springing for the Italian's wrists. "If you don't turn this boat around, I'll—"

But he did not hear me, nor feel my grasp upon him. He was rowing with the strength of a madman; terror had put a glare in his eyes, had deadened his senses of hearing and feeling. I called to Harvey for aid. My friend sat speechless in the bow, gripping both sides of the boat for support.

I hardly like to say what happened in the next instant, for at first it will not be credited, on top of the things already mentioned. But this is a narrative—not a story made to order while you wait—and must be kept to the facts.

While I still had hold of Andrea's hands, the Italian fell in a heap in the bottom of the boat, Harvey gave a hoarse cry of mingled prayer and curse, and I was left to clutch the nearest seat and gasp while the little craft tore over the white-caps with the speed of an express train.

What was moving it? I looked forward and saw the head again on the water. We should be upon it in a second—we should, at this rate, crash into the junk a second later. What was the invisible power or attraction that pulled us thitherward at so terrific a speed? Impressions of old witch stories flew before my mind—of tricks of sorcery and magic, at which I had always loved to scoff. Then the boat gave a jar, and the man swimming ahead of us was lifted clear out of the water.

He was hanging on to a thick line which stretched far ahead into the sea—Harvey's tuna line, with an immense tuna careering seaward at the other end of it!

"Hang on!" I yelled—for I could see the Filipino was more frightened now than anybody else. "Hang on for your life! Work your way toward the boat."

He had sense enough left to know that if he let go the boat would strike him. He was only ten feet out on the line. The distant tuna had evidently risen near the surface, thus raising the line clear of the water near the boat. The Filipino junk was now but a hundred yards ahead, although sailing away as hard as it could, plainly in a confusion of fright.

"Cut the line!" shrieked the Filipino. "Then I will let go and you can pick me up."

"Harvey!" I cried, for he was in my way—"cut the line, or we'll be dashed to pieces."

He found his wits barely in time to save us. One slash of his knife did the business. The moment after, we had bumped up to the junk, and the Filipino had let go the line and was swimming toward us. He was a superb swimmer, and apparently indefatigable. He called in Filipino to the junk to stop. Before we could realize it we were hauled aboard of her by about a dozen Malays. Their captain saluted as we came over the side. Our Filipino stamped his foot.

"To sea!" he cried, shaking the water from his clothes. "To sea as fast as you can go. These gentlemen are very persistent—they do not like to part with what does not belong to them. They have decided to stay with us as far as Honolulu, and perhaps go all the way to Manila. See!" and he fished the watch out of a bag at his neck. "I had not only to take it out of the gentleman's pocket, but later to remove it from our appointed rendezvous and bring it aboard with my own hands. All my line clothes are left at the hotel. It is too bad. But I have the chief's watch. Let the voyage home be a merry one for that."

Well, all our fine clothes were left at the hotel, too—or somewhere near it—and we had not the chief's watch. We decided that the voyage would be merry enough for us by stopping at Honolulu.

"Eet ees all like-a da dollare," mumbled Andrea, the Italian, as we followed a guide to our allotted quarters. "See-a go away; no see-a come back. Vare wonderful!"

DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF THE CATALPA MIDGE

Insect Attacks Buds and Ends of Branches Causing Crooked, Irregular Growth—By H. A. Gossard, M. S., Entomologist, Ohio.

Three distinct forms of injury are chargeable to the larvae of the catalpa midge:

1. To the leaves, causing a form of leaf spot.

2. To the terminal buds and ends of the branches.

3. To the seeds in the pods.

The adult flies must first appear in May, since the spots on the leaves appear in that month or early in June.

On June 22, 1908, larvae could be found in abundance on the leaves and also in the terminal buds. Adults could be seen here and there on the leaves and could be captured in abundance by sweeping catalpas with

was kept spread out, the depth being not more than one-half inch, and it was moistened as often as necessary. In early July adult midges appeared in the cage, thus proving that the pupal stage is ordinarily passed in the ground. These midges were confined on catalpa slips taken from trees grown in the insectary and which had never shown signs of infestation. July 16, three or four larvae were found on the leaves of one of these slips. No eggs or larvae could be found in the bud of this slip. A different slip, that was put into a jar containing midges that hatched from buds on July 4, had new larvae in the bud July 15.



Dead Tips Due to Midge Larvae Working in Buds and Tender Wood.

a net. Egg-masses, freshly laid, could be found in the terminal buds. Cuttings of catalpa, containing hundreds of larvae, were sunk into moist sand and placed in breeding cages. Adult flies appeared in these cages July 4, and for several days thereafter.

It was difficult to find a mass of eggs, part of which had not hatched at the time of discovery, thus evidencing the shortness of the incubation period. As nearly as we could determine from eggs laid by midges in our cages, the young larvae begin to emerge within 24 hours or less after the eggs are laid.

As nearly as could be judged from our breeding work, the life of a complete generation in mid-summer is

Some adults, that had issued some time after July 4, were still living in the cage at the time of this observation. The average life of the fly is probably from three to four days to a week or ten days.

Young cultivated groves do not suffer so much as older uncultivated ones. The larvae fling themselves to the ground when full grown and pupate very near to the surface. The fragile adult flies cannot make their way to the surface, if plowing has buried the immature stages under several inches of earth. Plowing in late fall or early spring will accomplish most, but cultivation throughout the summer will help.

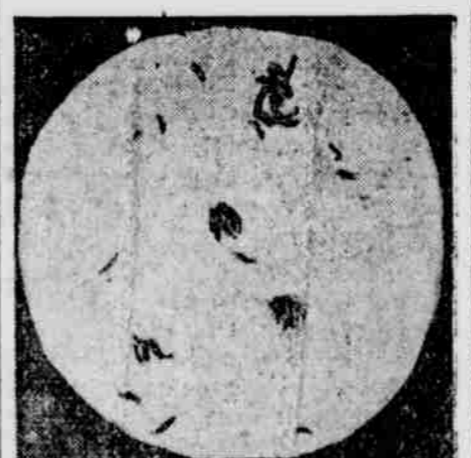
Three or four pounds of knitt scattered under a tree over a circle approximating that of the spread of the limbs will in all probability destroy the larvae in the soil as well as stimulate the tree. Small trees will not need more than half this amount. It may be applied in May to prevent the first brood from issuing and if necessary can be repeated in late June to catch the large July hatching. Stir lightly into the soil with a garden rake. Sulphuric acid of potash, applied at the rate of 30 lbs. per acre, has been found effective against the pear midge in the soil by Dr. Marchal of France.

If, in early spring, the leaves, grass and trash beneath the trees are raked together from a wide circle around the trunks and burned, and these cleared circles are then drenched with kerosene emulsion diluted with eight to ten parts of water, the liberating stages of the insect will be destroyed.

While methods of planting probably have little or no effect on the multiplication of the midge, it seems to have a direct relation to correction or injuries caused by the midge. If the trees are planted not more than four to eight feet apart each way, a straight skyward growth is forced and, although the young trees start off with crooked trunks due to successive forkings, caused by terminal injury, after a few years the trunks will have become quite straight. After the trees have attained an age of five or six years alternate trees can be cut out, if necessary, and the trees may be trusted after this age to grow fairly straight.

Take Care of Horse's Feet.—"No foot no horse," is an old saying and one that should appeal to every man who owns a horse. In addition to having good feet, the teeth of the horse when he begins to grow old should have attention in order that the feed may be properly masticated. When the teeth become rough and uneven and the horse cannot grind up his feed, he becomes a hard keeper and often the owner does not know the cause of the trouble. When buying a horse always see to it that the feet and teeth are in good condition. Horses must live under artificial conditions. Much is demanded of the horse without a corresponding amount of care and attention. Hard roads necessitate frequent shoeing and from overwork and carelessness many animals contract ring bones, side bones, lameness and cracks in the wall of the hoof or contracted heels. Much of the shoeing done is not necessary. Unless a horse is to be worked over paving, on race tracks or in stony country, he will do well without shoes if his feet are not weak or defective. In having horses shod it pays to pay the smith who understands the business and who makes a study of the horse and his feet.—Prairie Farmer.

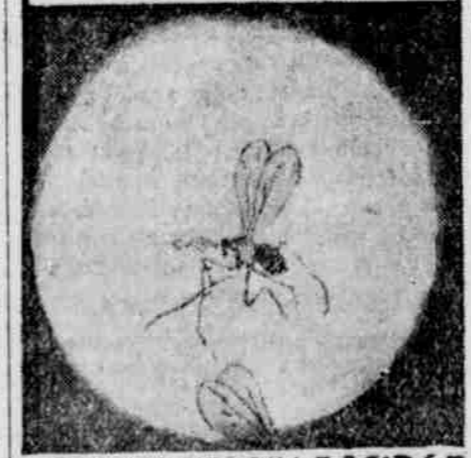
Get Good Roosters.—If the roosters you have saved from your own flock do not bid fair to be what you want, let them go and buy some that are all right. Do not think it money wasted to pay a good price. You will get it all back in the better chicks and the more eggs your flock will bring you.



EGGS OF THE MIDGE



LARVAE OF THE MIDGE



ADULT FEMALE MIDGE

Stages in Development of Midge—Much Enlarged Adult Midge, Being About One-Sixteenth of an Inch Long.

from three to four weeks. While most of the larvae descended into the sand to pupate, some did not, but transformed wherever they happened to be. Some midges were obtained in each of three glass tubes, containing nothing but cuttings harboring the larvae. The pupa, to casual observation, seemed to differ but little from the larvae, except that it had become somewhat shorter. The larvae were seen to disengage themselves from the leaves by their jerking habit and drop to the ground. In the latter part of June the upper layer of earth to the depth of one-fourth to one-half inch was removed from beneath an infested catalpa tree and put into a glass-covered case in the laboratory. This earth



Mrs. Whim—You needn't say woman has no mechanical genius. I can do anything on earth with only a hair-pin.

Mr. Whim—Well, sharpen this lead-pencil with it.

Apparatus to Empty Canal Bots.

Following in some ways the general lines of the car dumpers in use on the Great Lakes, an apparatus is to be built in Philadelphia for the Lehigh Navigation Company which will take hold of a canal boat, elevate it 60 feet in the air, and empty its contents either on the wharf for conveyance to a storage pile, or into the hold of another vessel.

The average man has ten friends who want to sit up the first night he is sick, one who will sit up the tenth night, and woe be it if he hasn't money to hire a paid nurse the twelfth night.



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